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THE CHRONICLE AND DIRECTORY
FOR 1875.

THIS Work, in the THIRTEENTH
year of its existence, is
NOW READY FOR SALE.

It has been compiled and printed at the
Daily Press Office, as usual, from the best
and most authentic sources, and no pains
have been spared to make the work com-
plete in all respects.

In addition to the usual varied and
voluminous information, the value of the
"CHRONICLE AND DIRECTORY FOR 1875"
has been further augmented by a

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPH

OF A

PLAN OF VICTORIA, HONGKONG;

THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENTS OF

SHANGHAI.

A Chromo-Lithograph Plate of the
NEW CODE OF SIGNALS IN USE AT
THE PEAK;

also of

THE VARIOUS HOUSE FLAGS
(Designed expressly for the Work)

MAPS OF HONGKONG, JAPAN,

THE

ISLAND OF FORMOSA,
AND OF

THE COAST OF CHINA;

ALSO, THE
NEW CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE—
HONGKONG;

besides other local information and statistics
corrected to date of publication, tending
to make this Work in every way suitable
for Public, Mercantile, and General Offices.

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Extracts.

LIKE A CHILD.
Playing there in the sun,
Chasing the butterflies,
Catching his golden boy,
Holding it fast, till it flies;
Singing to match the birds,
Calling the robins at will,
Gazing here and there,
Never a moment still.
Like a child.

Going to school at last,
Learning to read and write,
Prairie over his seat,
Buy from morning till night,
Striving to win a prize,
Careless when it is won,
Finding his joy in the strife,
Not in the thing that's done.

Buy is eager trade,
Buying and selling again,
Getting a great prize,
Glad to transact trade,
Always beginning anew,
Never the long task's over,
Just as it used to be—
The better'd before.

Seeking a woman's heart,
Whining for it, own,
Then, too, buy for love,
Letting it turn to stone,
Some of this plighted love,
What ails him, who's got a wife?

What ails him, who's got a wife?
Is he not doing for her,
Early thy daily task?
A child, to pine and complain!
A child, to grov'le, pale!
For want of some foolish word,
Shall a woman's faith fail?

Wants he said, there once,
Clark forsooth his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engrave,
Fetrarch was a law-student—and an idle one—
at Bologna; Goldini, till he turned sailing
player, was an advocate at Venice; the Phil-
ipino was for many years a diligent law
student. Tasso and Ariosto both studied law
at Padua. Politian was a doctor of law. Schil-
ler was a law student for two years before
taking to medicine. Goethe was at Leipzig,
and Heine at Bonn, to study jurisprudence.
Uland was a practising advocate, and held
a post in the Ministry of Justice at Stuttgart.
Hickert was a law student at Jena.
Mickiewicz, the greatest of Polish poets, be-
longed to a family of lawyers. Kacinezy, the
Hungarian poet, and creator of his country's
literature, studied law at Kaschau. Cor-
nille was an advocate, and the son of an
advocate. Voltaire was a student in the
office of a procurer. Chauver was a student
of the Inner Temple. Gower is thought to
have studied law; it has been alleged that he
was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.
Nicholas Rowe studied for the bar. Cowper
was articled to an attorney, called in the
bar, and appointed a commissioner of bankrupts.
Butler was clerk to a justice of the peace.
The professor of Scott need not be stated.
Moore was a student of the Middle Temple. Gray, until he
graduated, intended himself for the bar.
Campbell was in the office of a lawyer at
Edinburgh. Longfellow, a lawyer's son,
spent some years in the office of his father.
The Kines of Italy are cold,
And they turn his lips to stone;
Out of the warm, bright world
The man goes all alone.
Being a fool, he fails to see
The foolishness of his ways;
He sees, to be sure, a helpless wight,
To a new world's mystery.

—Louise Chandler Moulton, in Harper's Magazine.

TRICKS OF SPEECH.

Sydney Smith laughed at adjectives, and
his plan of striking out every other word in
a sentence as a strengthen and condenser
of style would have made short work of them;
but he did without himself by a sort
of subterfuge. We can detect the epithet
under the disguise of an illustration. Thus,
when he says of somebody, "that he
never saw a man more so little *full*," it
is an amusing, but certainly roundabout, way
of saying that the man was ungracious.
When he said of Horner, "that the com-
mandments were written on his face," and
that no judge or jury would give the smallest
credit to any evidence against him," it is
really going a long way about to express honest-
y and probity of expression, though the
hyperbole is effective. The same of Swift,
who was chary of his adjectives. It takes
much longer to say "all panegyrics are
mingled with an infusion of *poppy*"
than to say they are dull; only the one
remark would not be making—the other is a saying. Quaint writers are fond of
the same form. "He wrote several effects
of an enamed *full*," instead of he wrote some
strange books. And Charles Lamb's "cold
scraps-of-mutation scissiphas" of those who
argue that enough is as good as a feast—
Blackwood's Magazine.

THE RELIGION OF MILTON'S POETRY.

It is hardly too much to say that while his
greatest poems deals entirely with religious
or theological subjects we can hardly be called
a religious poet. The religion which
he exhibits may be lofty, severe, but it is
cold, wants fervour. It is not contagious, as
that of the great religious teachers and poets
have been. No one, I suppose, ever felt his
heart warmed by Milton's religious thoughts.
Every one remembers Pope's smart saying
that Milton makes God talk like a school
divine. It is hardly more smart than true.

Can anything be more tragic than the
dialogues between the Divine Father and the
Son? Even the "Ode on the Nativity,"
grand and impressive as the thoughts and
images are, does not touch the deeper springs
of religious feeling. The most vital religious
thought in his poetry that I remember
is the closing line of the sonnet—

"They that serve, who only stand and wait."

For power over the religious heart compare
Milton with his great contemporary and fel-
low-Paritan, John Bunyan. How has Bun-
yan's greatest prose poem stirred the heart
and influenced the religious life of England
compared with Milton's cold theology? Even
men like Keble, who had little sympathy
with the theology embodied in the "Pilgrim's
Progress," must have owned the vital power
of its religion. The reason of this difference
between Milton and Bunyan is clear. The
two men reflect two different sides of Pur-
itanism—the one its proud independence and
hatred of Prelacy, the other the deep fervour
of its religious life. This fact, that Mil-
ton, dealing much with theology, should have
failed to impress it to warmth and fervour, is
exactly the result that might be looked for,
when a poet's enthusiasm is for his art rather
than for his subject. Such a poet does not
get beyond his art, never reaches those high-
est and best results which they attain who
sometimes bear beyond themselves for-
get their art, and lose themselves in the
subject on which they dwell. These last are
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ject. It may seem an ungrateful not to say
an irreverent thing to advert at this time of
day to these limitations of Milton's genius—
limitations, however, which it was of
the very nature of that genius to impose on itself.
While doing this, I must add that, of
words have been used of Milton's moral
dignity and transcendent power of imagination
to which I would not willingly assent.
The poet before whom Cowper, Coleridge,
Wordsworth, to mention no others, bowed down
in reverence; who has, after
Shakespeare has so long deigned the second
glory of English literature, to say a
word in disparagement of his genius would
be presumptuous indeed. I have, merely
wished to show that while Keble's account
of the origin and essence of poetry is
true, his division of poets founded on it is
also true to fact and nature. In applying
his principle he may not have adequately
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is not a chimaera, but a reality. It is simply
this: that there are two orders of poets—
one, those who address the universal human
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men who have intelligence enough to feel
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nature or choice limit themselves to a kind
of subjects and a mode of treatment which
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who are in fact the poets of scholars and of
poets, not of universal man. And further
that, even if two poets belonging to the two
different orders were equal in strength of
imagination, it is a greater thing, by power
of wider sympathy, to have attained to the
former than to the latter order.—Macmillan's
Magazine.

DECAY OF ORATORY IN MASSA-
CHUSETTS.

The lecture of Mr. R. W. Emerson upon
"Eloquence" has set the Massachusetts
people to thinking, and their mournful con-
clusion is that oratory, there is in a decayed
state. Once there were speakers and orators
there—indeed, the history of the State's is to a
certain extent eloquent. About 1776, and
before, there was a great deal of good public
speaking in the "Bay." "Ours was a flame
of fire," and old John Adams long afterward,
and Adams himself had many of the qualities
of an orator. Then came generation after
generation of good speakers—Fisher, Ames,
Ains, G. O. Josias Quincy, Jun., Win-
throp, Choate, Webster, Charles Francis
Adams, Burlingame—all the men who fought
the great Free-Soil battle and won it. Where
are the great Massachusetts orators now?
There is Benjamin to be sure; but perhaps
they don't count. Perhaps there is no popula-
tion which appreciates and loves good speak-
ing better than of Massachusetts, and, con-
sidering this, we are rather surprised to find
the supply so small. Something of the same
decay is noticeable in the pulpit.—New York
Tribune

LITERARY CURIOSITIES.

The celebrated celebration this year of the
five-hundredth anniversary of the death of
Boccaccio, who would have been a lawyer
had it not been—he says—for a right of
Virgil's tomb, suggests a remarkable addi-
tion to the museum of literary curiosities.

A Discount of 20% allowed.

HOLIDAY, WISE & Co., Agents.

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THE SWISS LLOYD'S TRANSPORT
INSURANCE COMPANY,
WINTERHUR.

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London Capital, 115,000
Paris Capital, 1,400,000
And with French Company, Paris, do, 1,000,000
Aggregate Capital, 35,150,000

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AGENTS—HONGKONG AND CHINA.

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Marine Risks to all Ports of the World,
allowing a Brokerage of—
40 per cent. on Risk List of Singapore.
And 20 per cent. on Risks to Europe and America.
1863 Hongkong, 1st April 1875.

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Agents for the above Company, are prepared
to grant Insurances at Current Rates.

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PANY OF MANCHESTER AND
LONDON.

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Agents for the above Company, are prepared
to grant Insurances as follows—

MANCHESTER RISKS.

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Australia, and the East.

HOLIDAY, WISE & Co.,
1868 Hongkong, 15th October, 1875.

THE LONDON ASSURANCE CO.
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RUSSELL & Co., Agents.

1 Hongkong, 1st January, 1874.

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TRANSPORT INSURANCE OFFICE,
187 LEADHILL STREET, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1843.

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Policies on behalf of the Company, by
A. McVIE, Agent.

HONGKONG, 1st July, 1875.

WILL grant Policies at Current Rates on
Marine Risks.

Policies at current rates, payable either here,
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Australia, and the East.

HOLIDAY, WISE & Co.,
1868 Hongkong, 29th July, 1875.

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Ferrier, Couche, Brit. str.
Fitzroy, B. C. & M. Steamboat Co., Brit. str.
Forester, H. B. Pustyn & Co., Span. str.
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Glencyle, D. Martin, Brit. str.
Great Republic, H. C. Dearborn, Am. str.
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Hindostan, Mathewson, Brit. str.
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Loy, Zabbari, Span. str.
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Mege, Johnson, Brit. str.
Modina, Kenk, Brit. str.
Narciso, G. T. Westoby, Brit. str.
Pawtucket, A. B. Benning, Brit. str.
Poyang, Peake, Brit. str.
Sang, L. T. & J. Geesbrough, Brit. str.
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HONGKONG, 26th August, 1875.

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LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
LIMITED.

CHAS. H. MORGAN, Agent.

1863 Hongkong, 18th June, 1874.

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INSURANCE COMPANY.

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SPECIAL ACTS OF PARLIAMENT.

Established 1809.

CAPITAL, £300,000.

THE Underwritten, Agents at Hongkong for
the above Company, are prepared to grant
Policies at Current Rates.

A Discount of Twenty per cent. (20%) upon
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ORIGIN OF THE NAME AMERICA.

There is the strongest evidence that this word,
denoting the range and the roots of
the American, or of America, in an in-
digenous word, the terminal *tree* or being
the common for the names of locality, in the
language of the Iroquois Indians of Central
America, a part of Mexico; and that this name
has been perpetuated without alter-
ation since the discovery of the New World,
by the complete isolation of the Indians who
live in this part of the continent, who call
their mountains by the same word to-day as
they did in 1502, when Columbus visited them.

—John L. Burroughs, in Harper's Magazine.

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